

Peter, Paul & Mary, Ballad Of Spring Hill

In the town of Spring Hill, Nova Scotia,
Down in the heart of the Cumberland mine,
There's blood on the coal and miners lie
In the roads that never saw sun or sky
Roads that never saw sun or sky.

Down at the coal face the miner's workin'
Rattle of the belt and the cutter's blade
Crumble of rock and the walls close round
Living and the dead men two miles down
Living and the dead men two miles down

Twelve men lay two miles from the pit shaft
Listen for the drillin' of a rescue team
Six hundred feet of coal and slag

Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam
Hope imprisoned in a three-foot seam

Eight days passed and some were rescued
Leaving the dead to lie alone
All their lives they dug their graves
Two miles of earth for a markin' stone
Two miles of earth for a markin' stone

In the town of Spring Hill you don't sleep easy
Often the earth will tremble and groan
When the earth is restless, miners die
Bone and blood is the price of coal
Bone and blood is the price of coal